¶ A lamentation of the death of the mooſt victorious Prynce Henry the eyght late Kyng of thys noble royalme of Englande.

If the riuer Phiſon and Euphrates,
With Tigris and Gehon wer in my hed,
& weping Pliades, yet ſhuld I lack teres
Worthely to bewaile our kyng that is ded.
Not his myſfortune, for he (wythout dred)
Is there, whence he would not come to be here
Though al our lamenting myght turne him to chere.

¶ But we, whom he loued, as the hed his members,
As parentes theyr chyldren defending vs aye:
Cannot haue ſuch abondaunce of teares,
As may ſuffice, the truth for to ſaye,
The leſt part of our loſſe iuſtly to bewraye,
Such is the loſſe that a publycke weale hath,
When theyr kyng is taken from them by death.

¶ The chylde, without father or mother may be,
And yet not defaute though it be but young.
But a publyke weale dyd we neuer ſe:
That without a kyng myght continewe long.
For alwayſe the multitude wilbe headſtrong,
And hath no leſſe nede of a gouernoure,
Then the greate ſhyp hath of a nauclere.

¶ Conſider therfore what great loſſe England
Hath, by the death of Henry hyr kyng.
In whoſe myghtie hande no enemyes myghte ſtand,
So long as he was in this worlde liuyng.
yea, the Lorde proſpered hym in al thyng.
Though diuers dyd hym, diuerſly aſſayle:
Yet could ther none be able to preuayle

¶ His martial prowes and ciuile policie,
His ſage wyſedome and moſt politicke wit:
Wrought ſuche thynges to paſſe ſo eaſelye,
That men would ſcarſly haue beleued, it
Had bene poſſible ſuch knottes to vnknyt,
Without great diſturbance daunger and perell.
Yet could his wyſedome vndo them full well.

¶ What blindnes, what errour, what ſuperſticion,
What ſturdy Idolles, and what blaſphemye,
What fond diſgyſynges and falſe religion,
What diuiliſh doctrine, and Romyſhe papry,
Hath he extincted in this his country,
And in howe ſhort tyme did he theſe thynges finyſh:
And all theyr contraries fyrmely ſtablyſh.

¶ What liuinges for ſtudentes hath he appointed:
In Cambridge and Orforde, aye to indure:
Beſides the great number of Coleges buylded:
Abrode in the country to mayntayne litterature.
And that each coaſt of preachers myght be ſure.
Such care he toke the truth for to auaunce
And quit to abolyſhe all ygnoraunce.

¶ He dyd not forget the impotent creatures,
But for them alſo prouiſion he made,
Eſtemyng them no leſſe then goſtly treaſures,
Of whoſe relyfe ſtudentes ſhould be glad.
And therfore among them he cauſed to be had.
In euery of theyr colleges a place ſeuerall,
Wyth all thynges nedefull to releue theym withall.

¶ But to what purpoſe is it to reherſe,
The manifold benifites receiued:
Syth halfe of them worthely to expreſſe,
If I thought my ſelfe able I were diſceiued.
But ſeyng great plentie of them are perceyued,
Let vs praye dayly (as our dutye is)
That he at the laſt day may ryſe to blys.

¶ And as we haue liued to him in ſubiection,
For the tyme of his reigne, ſo let vs do nowe:
To noble Kyng Edward in ſucceſſion,
Deſyryng our Lorde God his youth ſo to bowe,
That he may accomplyſhe his fathers vowe,
In ſettyng abrode the truth more and more
Commaundyng all men therby to ſet ſtore.

¶ And you that erſt haue ben ſtubbourne and ſtiffe,
Reſiſtyng goddes truth, relent, be not blynd
Styll, but imbrace ye your gooſtly relyffe:
For thereunto reaſon doth you bynd,
Syth you that ſhould go before are ſo far behynd,
Go forward luſtely, and be not ſlacke.
Setting your hand to the plough loke no more back.

¶ Set contencion a part, as a thyng vayne,
That you may imbrace concord and vnitie.
Let charite your affeccions reſtrayne,
And as we by nation and religion be
But one body, ſo let vs nowe ſtudye
To be of one mynde, and not to diſſent,
Then doutles we ſhall haue no cauſe to repent.

¶ Let vs, ſhewe charite eache one to other,
For that is the badge of Chriſtes elect:
Who wylleth vs to be as brother and brother,
And all our ſtudy hyther to dyrect.
That we may lyue worthy the chriſtian ſect,
Declaryng with workes what fayth we profeſſe,
And that we deteſt all wyckednes.

¶ So doyng no doubt this realme ſhal proſper,
No leſſe in the dayes of our noble young kyng:
Then it hath done in the dayes of hys father,
Who ſtudied alwayſe to ſet furth that thyng
That myght be to our edefying
In chriſtian fayth and true religion,
Abolyſhyng all vayne ſuperſticion.

¶ That we maye this doo nowe let vs praye,
To hym that is able to graunt our requeſt:
And all contencion aſyde let vs laye,
For concord and vnitie is euer beſt.
And therby are kyngdomes alwayes increſt,
Weake thinges made ſtrong, & ſtrong thinges maintained. (tained.
Enuye expelled, and frendſhip retained.

¶ For noble Kyng Edward praye we alſo.
And for the nobles each in hys degree,
That they may aye conſiſſent herevnto,
And for the prelates of the Clargye,
That they may alſo ſtudy an vnitie.
Than all that is a myſſe God wyll amende,
To whom be all honour world without ende.

Finis.

¶ Imprinted at London in Pater noſter rowe by Jhon Turcke.

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